

the innis, harold.

Vol. XIX No. 3

Innis College - University of Toronto

November 1985

SCANDAL!

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SPECIAL MANIA ISSUE

BUDGETMANIA

by Dave Young

Twenty-five people showed up at this year's budget meeting -- little more than was required for quorum.

The Innis College Student Society determined the spending \$33 422, \$914 in deficit. The meeting was little more than rubber stamping of all but one of the submitted budget items.

After a cursory glance at the women's athletic budget (\$240) the more controversial Men's Athletic Budget was debated. Although the entire budget for men's athletics (which includes the "co-ed" athletic banquet and trophies) no opposition was voiced until the \$484.00 allotted for the football team was brought up.

Andre Czegledy, co-ed athletic rep., expressed a concern over an "alarming trend in football spending" although he did not suggest a specific budget cut. This started a circular debate on the validity of football for the next half hour. In the course of the debate, Czegledy noted that \$2 000 has been spent on this sport in the last two years for a group of 25 players. Temperatures rose as football rep Simon Cotter pointed out that, this year, the team

was asking for only \$500 (although they sorely needed more to protect their players) to support both a successful and popular facet of the Innis athletic programme. Cotter said the money spent in previous years had not been wasted and was a good capital investment. According to Cotter: "The ICSS could sell the equipment that had been purchased at a profit." Support for the football expenditure came from treasurer Heather Evans, who said Innis was a small college and the football team had helped give it "a name".

Frustrated at the lack of universal support for his barebones budget that might force his players to use faulty equipment, Simon put forth a motion to increase the football budget by \$250 for equipment. This motion was subsequently withdrawn after Jim Shelden, *Herald* editor, suggested that it was made in bad faith.

Finally, because no amendments were suggested by the detractors of the football allotment, the original men's athletic budget was passed as submitted. With the most controversial issues dealt with, the meeting continued uneventfully.

Social Rep Richard Lautens received little objection to his required 8 250 for the planned social season. In this budget increased advertising was promised and 1300 was allocated for the production of two comedy nights with comedians to be hired from Yuk Yuks.

ICSS BUDGET 1985-1986

Farm	1500
Harold	2552
Scat	2080
Film Society	2648
Clubs	200
Communications	2500
Awards	1450
Education	1200
Orientation	6000
Lockers (refunds)	500
Social	8250
Athletics--Women	240
--Men	2977
--Co-ed	325
Total	33422
Revenue	32508
Net	-914

ICSSMANIA

by Andrew S. Liebmman

The news at the I.C.S.S. this month is about money: both operating budget and capital expenditures. The budget is described by President Art Wilson as being "a very tight budget, we couldn't have cut money out of the budget without cutting services." Among the items assured of a continued secure existence are *Scat!* (Innis' literary journal), the Innis Film Society, the Innis *Herald*, and a healthy School Budget.

Although originally a deficit budget, it is already close to being balanced because of the first Party and the Homecoming float both being under budget and some unexpected revenue.

This year we also began with a large surplus of money from previous years. Last year there was talk of how to dispose of the money, but nothing was ever done about it. This year almost all of the surplus has been spent in the first two months of school. The consensus at student affairs meetings has been that the money accumulated from past years should not be spent on the students of this year, but rather should be used to improve the college as a whole, therefore benefiting students for years to come.

The decisions made this have certainly met that requirement. A computer system, additions to the sound system, and more

football equipment are all certain to be used by Innis students both present and future, and support to a third world student is something that reflects on the college as a whole. Here's what we got, and how much it cost us:

Computer: \$3,800

The computer system is currently in use preparing and filing student affairs meeting minutes, and for general I.C.S.S. correspondence. In addition this issue of *The Herald* was entirely typeset on the new computer, resulting in a large savings of production costs.

Sound System: \$1,800

The sound system has been augmented by a pair of professional quality speakers that President Art Wilson says are "built to be able to take the kind of abuse that our speakers are subject to." Not yet purchased but soon to be acquired is a mixer that will complete our sound system.

Football Equipment: \$1,000

Further additions to our stock of football equipment have been made by purchasing equipment from high schools that are scrapping their football programmes.

Third World Student: \$1,700

This money is meant to pay for books and living expenses for a student whose other

expenses are being met by other parts of the university. Tuition will be waived by the admissions office, residence space will be provided by Taddle Creek Inc. This project has been undertaken by three Innis students and has yet to be finalized, but the I.C.S.S. has committed to financial support from the current surplus. If the arrangements are finalized, a fee referendum is likely. The proposed increase will be \$2 per student specifically to cover this expense each year.

Other items of note include the reincarnation of Minerva's Owl and planning of the '86 Variety night.

Minerva's Owl is a coffee house type pub with live folk music. Last year it was run with limited but growing success. This year it is back for a trial run under student management on alternate Wednesday nights starting this week (Nov. 6).

Variety night has been scheduled for January 24th. This time around the organizers will seek to attract complete acts, without organizing any "production numbers."

I.C.S.S. student affairs meetings are held Thursdays at 3:00 p.m. in the cold room. All students registered at Innis are voting members, and all are welcome.

photo by David Marcovitz



Hungary Heart

ADYMANIA

by Andrew S. Liebmman

There is a new addition to the Innis green, in the form of a bronze bust. While it will never take the place in our hearts of our first sculpture (which also serves as a coat rack and bike lockup), the bust of Hungarian poet Endre Ady is a welcome addition both to our green and to future scavenger hunts.

The sculpture was donated to the University, which then asked to place it at Innis. This is one of many donations to the University made by the Hungarian Independent Mutual Benefit Federation which is seeking to divest itself of its considerable assets. Other donations include films to the A.V. Library and historical materials to related academic departments.

Endre Ady was a poet, possibly the most controversial Hungarian writer this century. According to G.H. Claridge, Ady's poetry was hailed as both "the genius of the new age: and as 'traitorous and unintelligible.'" Well, that's about all you have to know. More info on request : 978-4748

CONTEST MANIA

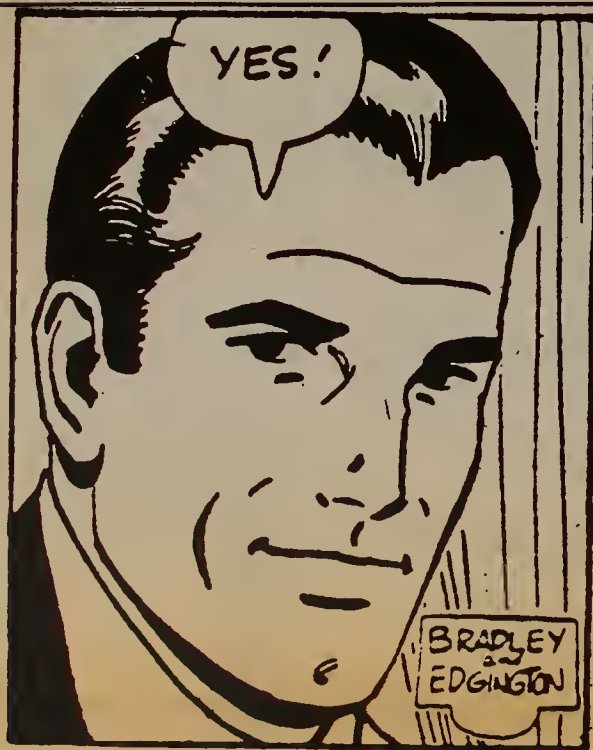
Yep, the *Herald* is at it again. This time it's Spot The Errors. There are no real mistakes (typos, big goofs etc.) in this issue. They're all intentional. Whoever finds them all will win a hug from the editor of their choice.



The Innis Herald is published weekly by the Innis College Student Society and printed at Walker Publishing Company Ltd. The opinions expressed herein are attributable only to their authors. Letters to the editor should be addressed to The Editor, The Innis Herald, Innis College, 2 Sunn Ave., Toronto, Ont. M8S 1J5



"The male and female sexual organs were made for eliminating urinary wastes and to be united in faithful, holy wedlock and love."
—The Plain Truth



YESMANIA

"We want your beer money" goes the ad line for *The Varsity* fee increase "yes" campaign. Well, I don't drink beer, so the analogy is lost on me. But I do smoke cigarettes, and cigarettes cost around \$3.00 or so now, and the fee increase is \$1.50, so I figure, like I'm saving an extra buck and a half, if I don't buy that pack of cigarettes and vote "yes" on the referendum. And, say, I don't really want to buy a new textbook for my Poli-Sci course (average: \$20.00), but if I vote "yes" for *The Varsity* fee increase—then I'm saving \$18.50. If you take drugs—Gram of hash: about \$10.00. Fee increase: \$1.50. Savings: \$8.50. See—voting "yes" can be very beneficial, besides supporting a great institution, you're saving your life by abstaining from harmful vices, and saving money too!

Be nice.
Vote "yes".

DISSENTING VOICE:

Vote "no".

Editors
Paul Della Penoa
Jim Sheddin
Mike Zryd
David Young
Review Editor
Carla MacDonald
Sports Editor
Ellen Ladowsky
Photo Guys
Richard Lautens
David Marcovitz
Rock Video Editor
Pierre Blum
Goddess From Heaven
Michelle Bailly
Vlad Editor
Ken Sarnier
Women's Issues Editor
Ceci Leigh
Baritone
Andrew Liebmann
Architecture Editor
Adam Sobolak
Theatre Editor
Chris Glover

Thanks:

David Reeve, Lina Maiato, Dave Shaw, Keith Dewar, Lisa Godfrey Lisa Coleman, Chris Fabbri, Art Wilson, Andre Czegledy, Debra Karp Sirje Jarvel, Simon Cotter, Kathryn MacKay, Tom Vaivada, Rex Morgan, F. Peterson, Marni Hoogveen, Scott Lepore, Steve Gold, Marc Comeau, Mary and Karen and Melina, Chuck, David Rafael, Randall Brock, Steve Peterson, Mr. John Lindsay, Andrew Epstein, and most of all to Karl and Jesus for making it all seem worthwhile. A special thanks and kiss on the lips to Michelle Bailly, typist from heaven and supplier of orange food. We couldn't do it without you. Really. Oh yeah, thanks a whole bunch to Art Wilson, next year's editor. And even though Ellen Ladowsky misbehaves, she's still the greatest person in the whole world. Erotic too. And Paul would like to apologize to his mother for "living in shame".

GUEST EDITORIAL

by Simon Cotter

The Good:

One of the greatest strengths of this year's ICSS, as President Art Wilson is quick to point out, is that they are more laid back and approachable than last year's high-powered "Football Executive" (so named because all four inner executives were on the men's tackle football team). The football executive (under now SAC President Scott Burk) started out the year like gang busters with high turnouts at all events. However, by Christmas, infighting among the inner executive, gross neglect of duty by the V.P. Services, and Scott Burk's physical abdication in March (although he didn't officially resign until after the election) to run for SAC led to a disastrous second term.

This year's executive is not likely to have these kinds of problems. Treasurer Heather Evans said, "Everyone likes each other" and "that makes it easy to work together." V.P. Government Sirje Jarvel adds, "We all represent different aspects of college life, whether political, social, or sportive. That makes for a well-rounded government. I think having two women on the executive also gives us a more well-rounded point of view than last year's all-male (and often chauvinistic) executive."

The secret of this year's Executive approachability doesn't lie in the more equitable sexual representation but rather in their whole attitude to their jobs. Although serious about their jobs, they don't take them as dead seriously as last year's hollower-than-thou executive. V.P. Services Gilles Poitras points out that the greatest strength of this year's administration is his brain and his body (42, 32, 38), although he also says Sirje's body (36, 24, 33) is a great spirit motivation (*We trust Sirje too has a brain. Please, gentlemen... Eds.*). Art Wilson adds, "We can't get fazed in this interview because we're all here by acclamation. Therefore, we don't have a mandate and we don't have to do anything."

Art Wilson's strength, however, lies in the fact that he gets involved in everything from Orientation to building stairs and floats for Homecoming. Art is a "lead by example kind of guy" and the success of orientation proves that his style works. Art's casual style seems to be winning him the support of reps, all of whom said he's doing a good job. However, not everything is exactly hunky-dory in Innisland as even these laid back guys make mistakes.

The Bad:
The goals of the "Casual Executive" are much the same as last year's "Football Executive," to increase participation in College events, particularly by first year students. Last year's Football Executive was very successful at generating interest and participation, at least in the first month of their administration.

Despite a very successful orientation, this year's government has had real problems maintaining involvement, let alone increasing it. One ICSS meeting needed 5 proxies to be rushed in to make up a quorum of 12. Unfortunately for this year's executive, the bulk of their problems have come from areas over which they had no control. The cancellation of the Vlad meal plan broke the ties between the only Innis residence and the college. Many of these students would stay after lunch or dinner and become involved in ICSS events. Now there is talk of having a joint floor party at New College residences where Vlad now eats. The pub's early closing hours in September also cost this year's ICSS many potential first year recruits.

Lack of records from events and ICSS meetings held last year provided no guidelines for this year's all-rounder executive to follow. Last year's Treasurer Scott Keyworth didn't even bother to take the books in to be audited so this year's executive really has no idea how much money they have. The lack of such records would cause serious organizational problems for any government.

However, not all the blame for organizational and operational problems can be attributed to "outside forces." All four of the senior executive stated "their" lack of organization was the greatest failing of this year's ICSS thus far. Many Innis lockers, which traditionally are sold in the fourth week of school, are still available because the ICSS didn't set up a proper set of sale hours until the second week of school and even then often did not have anyone present during the advertised sale period. This year's executive also presented an unbalanced budget for the first time in memorable Innis history. This was partly due to the fact the ICSS senior executive meeting to prepare the budget was done in a rush the week before without the Secretary or V.P. Government present and without all the budgets submitted. It is the job of the V.P. Services to make sure that all budgets are received before this meeting and the job of the Treasurer is to inform him if any have not been so that he can make the appropriate arrangements.

None of the executive accepted responsibility for this "lack of organization" nor did they point the finger at anyone. However, it is interesting to note that when the executive was asked to rate (from 1-10) the ICSS performance as a whole and their individual performances, the ICSS average came out to 7.25 while the individual scores averaged 8.5. Obviously, the executive realize their weakness but are, at least on a personal level, not prepared to take any responsibilities for them. Art Wilson's opting to drink beer on the Green rather than attend a SAC leadership convention held for the presidents of colleges and faculties of U of T may indicate a little too casual attitude at times. Neither his replacement, Jane Lautens (a Vic student with strong Innis ties), nor the Gilles Poitras replacement, Sirje Jarvel, has made a report to the ICSS on the conference although both agreed it was beneficial.

All things considered, though, a pretty good showing. The most important thing to note is that this year's executive, despite a slow start, is beginning to gain momentum and support within the college at a time when last year's was beginning to disintegrate. If this pacy continues, this year's government could (forgive me for this) rise like a phoenix from the ashes to be Innis's best ever.

VLADMANIA

Ken Sarnier

To those of you who asked: No, I don't plan to turn this column into anything more than a repository for in-jokes, blatant name-dropping, and miscellaneous other rubbish that any self-respecting editor would cut.

Let's begin with the rubbish. I have determined what university life is. University life is getting up for a drink at 2:00 a.m., finding the kitchen full, and ending up having a full meal of potatoes, Kraft Dinner, and bacon with 5 people from 6 different countries. This supersedes my present idea of university life: being given a copy of Chaucer's collected poems—to use as a plate while eating crumbly cookies.

Blatant name-dropping. Brian stopped by to say he's commuting to school from Montreal. Yellow Steve showed up at some Halloween party in drag, and was prettier than his date. Yash got an award from the L.L.B.O. and Mark Lyall continued to impress everyone with his Bob Bloom impersonations.

Vlad announces the first annual "Find a Nickname For Paul" contest. Anyone who thinks they have an appropriate nickname should send their suggestions to the T.O.S.S. Winners get their names dropped in my next article.

COUNCIL 'MANIA

by Mike Zryd

College Council Report:

Innis College Council began the year in typically leisurely fashion, introducing people on Council to one another and to the various sub-committees. The meeting did, however, bring some encouraging news from the Admissions and Counselling Committee.

First, the percentage of new Innis students who choose Innis as one of their top three colleges rose from 60% to 75% this year; the number picking Innis as their first choice remained stable at 40%. Second, 89% of our Grade 13 admissions received summer counselling, 61% with both group and individual sessions. Third, Registrar David King noted with enthusiasm the Innis section of U of T's new introductory recruiting book. On a negative note, the well-publicized Maureen Fitzgerald resignation was reported along with the cancellation of Innis's excellent Stage Design course.

The lack of attendance by some student members of Council was distressing. It was urged that these absentees be notified that missing two consecutive Council meetings results in dismissal from Council.

The one pressing issue John Browne, Innis Principal, hopes to tackle is reform of the College Council Constitution, necessary both to improve and "check" on the

document. He hopes to complete this in the second term.

Academic Affairs:

The committee served itself up a full plate of business for the year. First, the Environmental Studies Programmes will be reviewed by a four person parity committee of Dr. Don Clark (chair), Prof. Pamela Stokes, and students Bill Whipple and (pending her approval) Stephanie Kearns. Second is a review of the course evaluation used by Innis. Third, and the issue which most raised hackles at the Oct. 29 meeting, was the nature of constitutional reform and focussing of the powers and procedures for Academic Affairs (and other subcommittees). An absence of supporting documents for proposals and amendments for the 1986-7 Calendar, for example, reduced the Academic Affairs committee to little more than a rubber stamp authority; a motion proposed to require appropriate documentation for matters brought to Academic Affairs was passed to ensure the committee can act as the check it was designed to be.

In the Principal's Report, John Browne brought news that the Faculty of Arts and Sciences is now considering tenure appointments for faculty of college programs, an "encouraging recognition of the

importance of colleges on campus." He noted that Women's Studies would most likely be the first programme to benefit from the change. One reason for this is the review conducted last year by the Faculty of Arts and Science of Women's Studies. Canadian Studies, Drama and Cinema Studies seem likely future review targets; Browne noted the need for colleges to have some hand in the review.

Finally, non-teaching cross-appointments were announced for the coming year (see list below). In accordance with the new guidelines set last year, these cross-appointments (all veterans of at least one year's service) will be valid for 3 years. The purpose of the non-teaching faculty is, generally, to enhance the intellectual life of the college, and specifically, to provide Innis and its students with contacts and counselling in other faculties and sections of the university. The Vice-Principal of the college and the V.P. Government of the ICSS are responsible for encouraging the introduction of new potential cross-appointees.

Residence Committee:

The most unusual feature of the Residence Committee this year is that it meets at all. Convening only to deal with

matters of policy, the Committee will be dealing with discipline procedures for residence, an issue forced upon all the unfederated colleges by U of T's Student Affairs office. Though specific procedures and cases of applicability still require discussion, the committee passed a motion defining the composition of a Residence Appeals Committee (RAC) to consist of the Principal, the President of the ICSS, the two chairpersons of Council, a Vland floor steward (to be decided among themselves) and a non-teaching cross-appointee (appointed by the Principal).

Non-teaching Cross-appointees:

--Pamela Stokes, Botany
--John Valteau, Chemistry
--Ian Parker, Economics
--Peter Allen, English
--Patricia Binnie, English
--Dennis Duffy, English
--Cam Tolton, French/Victoria College
--Ian Burton, Geography/Institute for Environmental Studies
--Anne Whyte, Institute for Environmental Studies
--J. Mike Lorimer, Mathematics
--Julien Dent, History
--Peter Russell, Political Science
--Peter Stren, Political Science
--Marty Wall, Psychology
--Wendy Rolph, Spanish and Portuguese

LETTER(S)

The Innis Herald has an open letters policy. Please ensure that letters are typed (double spaced), signed (with telephone number) and free from racist, racist, homophobic, sexist, libellous or just plain dumb content; letters may be edited or rejected on these grounds or undue length. Opinions expressed in letters, like all submissions, are attributable only to their authors; no liability is attached to the Innis Herald, the Innis College Student Society or to the publisher.

VARSITYMANIA

Dear Paul and Jim (and Mike, even though he doesn't count)

Sorry guys, I want to talk about serious stuff:

What is *The Varsity*?

During the battle of *The Varsity* referendum, I'd like to make clear to the U. of T. community just what *The Varsity* consists of. We are a group of students who are excited about journalism and about this university. As many other students, we are dedicated to something larger than ourselves and our own interests.

I feel uneasy when I see *The Varsity* as just another institution. If the content and the appearance of *The Varsity* seems professional, it is because we are functioning effectively in our role as the unofficial school of journalism at U. of T. The staff of *The Varsity* changes every year and we have to pass talent and knowledge onto the next generation each year. I acquired my skills as production manager because of the time and help my predecessors gave me. I try to pass on some my knowledge to any person who shows an interest. This includes people working for any student newspaper.

We typeset practically every student newspaper on campus. I think they come to us primarily because we have the cheapest rates in town. They can therefore make their money go further. Perhaps they also come to us because we are willing to spend time teaching them how to use our equipment and trade layout tricks. We also have a self-imposed obligation to work well into the night to get these papers out by deadline. Jamie (my #1 typesetter) is appreciated by all.

The Varsity is something every student can take part in. All undergrad students elect our Board of Directors which runs the paper; students write the paper, students layout the paper, students are written about in the paper; student events are announced free in the paper; 25,000 students read the paper.

For years *The Varsity* was a daily. With only the cost of a beer, *The Varsity* can return to publishing 3 times per week. We want to do this for U. of T. Please vote today.

Sincerely Yours,

Marnie Hoogveen,
Production Manager of *The Varsity*

P.S. Thanks for printing my letter. I'll be famous.

I'M GONNA PLAY SUN CITY

Dear Paul and Jim,

I am writing with regard to an editorial—ironically entitled "Reason" that appeared in the October issue of *The Innis Herald*.

You write that George Connell is "obviously wrong in his belief that the University has no moral obligation to divest. I can only assume that you provide no justification for this judgment because it would be an affront to your readers for you to attempt to prove something so obvious but maybe, for the sake of those not so astute as yourselves, you should.

Then, instead of correcting the injustice of letting Mr. Connell have such mistaken beliefs you go on to abuse him and those who share his belief by writing that they are "in a state of rapturous empty-headedness". This, I assume, is another self-evident truth.

You write that you can understand the University "resisting an official position on abortion, capital punishment or censorship" but this comes immediately after you ask why the University should not use its own economic power to influence the conduct of individuals and corporations. You assert that these moral issues differ because we are not "united in our moral outrage" yet why should his make a difference? If our responsibility is, as you say, "to right injustices by whatever ethical means are at our disposal" then should we not do so no matter what the majority opinion is. Also, we are not united in our moral outrage as indicated by the existence of people with beliefs that differ from your own. This brings me to another point which is that the source of disagreement is not the moral goodness of apartheid—you write that we all know that "Apartheid isn't nice"—the disagreement is on which is the best method for bringing an end to the apartheid system in South Africa.

Mr. Connell chooses to accept for the University the same position taken by the Canadian government for the people of Canada. From your editorial it is obvious that this position does not satisfy you. What is not obvious from your editorial is why the reader should be dissatisfied with this position as well.

In your closing paragraph you write "In as many words, we too, are disgusted" and you are correct, after reading your editorial, I was.

With all sincerity,

F. Peterson
Innis III

(Yawn. --eds.)

MONEY FOR NOTHING

To the editors,

We write to indicate our displeasure at the recent spending of \$1000 for tackle football equipment.

Our main objection is with the procedure used by Mr. Cotter, Tackle Football rep and mover of the proposal, to push through the spending. According to Section 12, article "h" of the By-Laws of the ICSS constitution, "any motion involving the expenditure of more than \$100 shall require written notice, submitted one meeting in advance." The minutes of the previous meeting show clearly that no notice was given. Despite the fact that we are two of the three athletic reps in the ICSS executive, we were each told of the motion only hours before the meeting. Considering we were, in addition, the two most vocal opponents of football spending at the Oct. 7 budget meeting, early notification of the motion would have been legitimate, fair, and polite.

Our second objection is to the nature of the spending itself; we consider tackle football, despite Mr. Cotter's invitation to women, an effectively male-restricted sport. And while we cannot dictate to people what sports they should play, we do have a right to express our objections. Mr. Cotter's violation of constitutional motion notice deadlines effectively silenced that right of prepared debate.

We have no quarrel with Mr. Cotter that the football team needs the equipment (this year?) or that he is making a good investment. We respect the sincere loyalty he has for the championship football team he was instrumental in building. Nonetheless, we trust Mr. Cotter has some respect for our opinion and for our responsibility as athletic reps to protect the rights of all Innis athletes. And if Mr. Cotter wonders why we complicate his simple desire to spend \$1434 on the tackle football program (where none opposed spending \$5000 plus on a computer and speakers), perhaps one answer is that the issue is complex.

Sincerely,
Andre Czegledy
Co-ed Athletic Rep
Mike Zryd
Men's Athletic Rep

SMARTEN UP!

Dear Editors,

In future, when on the brink of an impulsive trip to Niagara Falls in the pre-dawn hours following an all-night editing binge—perhaps you could pause just long enough to check some of the finer details of your paper. I am of course referring to the appalling omission of the photography credits accompanying my review of *Working Title*. Both photos are the products of that promising stills photographer, Mr. Bob Linke. Consider yourselves told!

In disgust,
Miss Lisa Lorraine
Elizabeth Coleman

ANNEMANIA

To the Editors,

I write to publically endorse Anne Johnston for mayor in the upcoming municipal election Nov. 12.

Johnston's slogan, "A mayor. For a change.", is apt, stressing both her abilities and the need to fill the vacuum which currently exists in Art Eggleton's seat at City Hall. Strong differences exist between the two on issues: Anne's policy on the development of the railway lands, on a transit plan for Metro, and on tenant's rights is pragmatically progressive; Eggleton's defers to business and a conservative policy at the expense of power politics. Where Eggleton piles promise on promise, Anne promises nothing she cannot deliver—preferring instead to promise that she will work for worthwhile issues. On the university student reduced Metropass debate, for example, while Eggleton delivered on promises, Anne said she would help and promptly arranged a meeting with the TTC for the SAC negotiating team.

I support Anne for mayor because she cuts the crap and gets down to work, a force we will need at City Hall as Toronto faces pressing issues like the dome and housing.

Closer to home, I'd just like to put in a word for Ron Kanter and Nadine Nowlan for the positions of Metro Councillor and City Alderman for Ward 5. Why? 'Cause they're cool too.

Sincerely,
Mike Zryd
Managiot Editor,
The Innis Herald

GRAD PHOTOS: NOV. 19-21. SIGN UP LISTS BY THE PIT.

REFUGEE PROJECT

by Mark Comeau

Last year, 3 Innis students, John Choi, Anna DeAguiay, and myself, attended an ICSS meeting. At this meeting, a motion is passed that we 3 be deemed a "subcommittee" of the ICSS. The purpose of this subcommittee is to help bring a refugee student from the Third World to Innis College, under the auspices of WUSC (World University Service of Canada).

WUSC is a non-governmental organization concerned with the role that universities can play in global development; to this end, WUSC has established a Refugee Programme aimed at assisting refugee students to resume their studies.

Obviously, such a project requires planning and financing. It is up to the subcommittee to first obtain any possible fee waivers (i.e. tuition, residence, etc.) and then to raise enough money to cover any remaining costs for the refugee's first year in Canada. Under an agreement between Immigration Canada and WUSC, these refugee students are granted "landed immigrant" status. This means that after one year, the student is eligible for OSAP, OHIP, and is allowed to work. Theoretically speaking, then, s/he is as able to provide for him/herself as any other student.

So far, Innis people have already proved to be receptive to the idea. Garry Spence, Innis's Residence Coordinator, has assured the subcommittee that a residence spot (in Vlad or Taddle Creek) can be set aside. In Taddle Creek's February General Meeting, waiving of rental fees for 1986-87 will be considered. This will be a matter for co-op members alone to decide.

So far, the biggest boost has come from the ICSS, which has allocated over \$1600 for this project. This is *your* money and it is hoped that this will be an Innis project. Innis is known for its small size and warm atmosphere; for this reason, Innis would be ideal as a new home for a refugee student. This is a chance to enhance our profile at U of T, and to do a positive good in a world not always positively good.

So far, this project is in its early stages. Trinity and Vie have already welcomed refugee students, and students there have been an invaluable source of information. But there is much to be done, and any Innis students who wish to get involved are urged to do so. If you would like more information, please call me (921-6158) or speak to John Choi or Anna DeAguiay.



THE MALE VOICE

Dear Simon,

I have a problem (I hope you can handle it). There's this guy, see, and he just won't stop mauling me every chance he gets. I don't know how to tell him where to go! I like him, sure, but not the way he thinks. Please help me get him off...my body!!

Rah X 3

Dear Rah X 3,

Whether I handle it or not is none of your business! As for your problem (although I'm assuming you are a woman my answer is the same), you must be forceful but tactful and strongly state your distast of his physical advances. If this doesn't work, just kick him in the groin. If that's too subtle, try a handgun.

Raptured once myself
Simon

Dea: Simon,

I have a perplexing problem which is causing me great distress. As a connoisseur of f-r-e fashion and a student of Innis College, where being fashionable is so important, it is with much hope that I pose to you this life-threatening question:

Are Ralph Lauren Polo clothes here to stay or will they join the now defunct

Alligator clothes line?

Yours sincerely,
Wanda B. Trendii

Dear Wanda,

How did a twit like you get in Innis anyway? Did Vie fill its Preppie quota (last recorded at 100%)? Innis students don't follow fashion guidelines, we set them. In answer to your question, Ralph Lauren has sufficiently diversified its interests (colonge, soap, etc.) to assure its survival. However, Innis students won't be wearing them until all the goofs stop.

Simon

P.S. You can trash the top-siders too!

Dear Simon,

Please help. I am always being accosted in the hallways by a no-neck football player shouting "99 is macho ooh-ah" over and over and over. As much as I like football, this jerk's a pain in the neck (excuse the pun). How can I tell him to get lost without getting killed? Your help and advice are greatly appreciated.

Tired of egotistical
football players

Dear Bleeding Heart Left Leaning Lesbian
Male Hater,

You have obviously confused *egotism* with a healthy sense of self-awareness. If you are truly a fan, you know football players are too stupid to lie. Obviously #99 is MACHO and your own sexual frustration is clouding the issue!

Your pal,
Simon

Dear Simon,

I'm an average looking Jewish boy,

in good shape, and I consider myself to be quite intelligent. My problem is: I really like this girl in my class, but she is vey Catholic, and I'm afraid she wouldn't go out with me if she knew I was Jewish. To make matters worse, my parents are very Jewish and would kill me if they thought I was considering asking her out. I've heard her make a Jewish joke so I'm not just being paranoid. What do I do?

Despairing

Dear Despairing,

If you're writing me for serious advice, you're definitely not as "intelligent" as you claim. Most (ALL) the letters I receive are gag letters and I give gag responses. However, since your letter seems genuine, I will attempt a serious reply. STEP 1--Ask the girl out. I've asked lots of girls out and have never been asked for my religious denomination (although I've often been asked what species I belong to). If she says no, consider it her loss and write it off to experience. STEP 2--If she says yes, go out with her and find out what she's like. After a few dates, bring up your religion. If her reaction is negative, she's not as wonderful as you'd imagined--write her off--racists deserve to be lonely. STEP 3--If it doesn't matter to her and she's everything you'd imagined she'd be, tell your parents about her. There's no use getting them involved before you're confident in the relationship, though. If your parents can't handle it--write them off. If you're old enough for OSAP, you're old enough to tell your parents where to go.

Simon

P.S. If this is supposed to be a gag letter, you have no sense of humour and should probably kill yourself.

MONEYMANIA: 100 000 IN '89?

by Ken Sarnier

Roulette stinks. That, above all else, is the lesson which those who attended the latest (and last) Innis 20/20 fundraising event learned.

This event, which was held at the Innis Pub, consisted of two blackjack tables, at which everyone won (except SAC President Scott Burk, who seemed to be losing big), several roulette wheels, at which everyone lost (unsurprisingly--the house paid 3-1 on a 4-1 long shot), and a bar where beer sold for \$2 a bottle.

The event was a success, as the patrons who won at the blackjack tables felt guilty about taking money from charity that they promptly blew their money at the roulette wheels or bought beer. The end result was that this event raised enough money to put 20/20 over the \$25,000 mark. The organizers wish to thank all those who participated for their patronage. Now we're aiming to raise \$100,000 by 1989, our 25th anniversary.



Michelle Baily and Mike Zryd Wax Museum



"All ye who enter here abandon hope"



Gary (Cap'n Kangaroo) Spencer fanning himself

photo by Richard Lautens

photo by David Marcovitz

RANDOM THOUGHTS

The Herald invites readers to submit. Their own random thoughts.

MARKETING AUSCHWITZ

by John Lindsay

The card below is a magazine insert. Inside you'll find an invitation to "Explore The Twisted World Of The Nazis For 10 Days". What's for sale is the *Time-Life* series dealing with the complete history of World War II. Some adman somewhere thought up the scheme of using this arresting text and image to sell product, but the ad is a symptom of a much larger malaise, not one man's offensive and callous marketing ploy. Ernst Zuodel and Jim Keegstra are merely the most obvious and glaring manifestations of this mentality: what's going on here and elsewhere is a more subtle form of "blandification"-- not just what Hannah Arendt called the "banality of evil," but the "irritation of evil" as well.

the inchoate mass of perceptions which bombard us. But in providing this security, images inevitably trivialize; the mind abandons reflection, the world is made safe, secure and pat. Too pat. And when the presentation gets a little too slick, that's when you've got to start wondering. A case in point is a recent episode of *The Love Boat*. Actually it was a special: *The Love Boat's* Valentine's Day Cruise. One of the three or four subplots concerned a woman who was going to be reunited with her husband, who had disappeared in the Holocaust. The cruise line was sponsoring the reunion for the resulting publicity. This itself is a slap in the face: pain turned into adman's ploy. But there was something more egregious than this. Eventually the man and woman meet and she realizes that he is not her husband. He explains: "We were together in the camp. He died, but he gave me his name to stay on the roll call." After this brief confession, the man and woman spend the rest of the cruise discovering that they really love each other anyways. This is the biggest slap in the face. To have the whole thing reduced to a two-line plot device-- the degree of lassitude and complacency behind this is far more frightening in its implications than Zuodel's tripe. This degree of trivialization has very grave ramifications.

Indeed, "Holocaust survivor" has become like "Vietnam veteran"-- a stock angst-ridden character in television's melodramatic stable. This reaches its apotheosis on *The Love Boat*, the post-modern nihilist show par excellence (cf. Andy Warhol's recent cameo and the 4-second encapsulation of the history of modern art). This T.V. show produces in miniature, all the other narratives you will see, or have seen in other hour-long shows or two-hour movies.

I guess what I'm talking about is the mind-set of a small group of men, who do the executive-producing for the American television industry. Or maybe it's not even them; maybe just some amorphous attitude we are powerless against. Whatever it is, I don't like it!

For television, fascist imagery continues to be fascinating. I would be hard pressed to list the number of Hollywood productions that deal overtly with the subject. The guy who has the concession supplying Nazi uniforms and paraphernalia on the West Coast is doing boffo box office. Probably does a little publishing on the side.

So, to the card above, I would say: "You're damn right it has! And don't think I don't notice you're part of it". But what's the answer? What is the final solution to the lingering presence of fascinating fascism? I don't know. But I guess what I've been talking about here is respect-- respect for the Event and its magnitude. Once this is lost in an innocuous way, the slide into the abyss has subtly begun.

SHOOT YOUR WAD MANIA

by David Reeve

Hmmm, nobody responded to last issue's scathing attack on free will. No knee-jerk reactions, no vomit on *The Herald's* door. Maybe it isn't something many people relate to or worry about? Who cares that our actions are completely determined by a combination of our genetic inheritance, experience, and present situation? Who cares that the very thought "Who cares?" is totally determined by antecedent conditions that can be traced back through an infinite causal-chain to the very beginning of the universe itself? The space-time juxtaposition of all matter and energy at that particular point in time, set the stage for everything to happen as it has ever since-- But who cares?

Well dig this:

Because our thoughts and actions are determined we are not responsible for either. The fact that you win a Nobel peace prize and I fart at parties is only incidental-- an arbitrary twist of fate. And because we are not responsible for whatever happens, we shouldn't be held to be responsible. However, this is not the way things work in our culture. Unless you are judged to be mentally incompetent (meaning you are unaware of the consequences of your actions), our society will hold you responsible for your behavior. And when that behavior contravenes the law then you are punished. Pleading "the universe made me do it" is a completely true, but probably ineffective defense.

Now if this lack of responsibility sounds dangerous, it may be because you think that if nobody felt responsible

everyone would do what they wanted, and all hell would break loose. I would argue that the opposite is true. Yes.

I should point out that because you are not responsible does not mean you do not bear the consequences of your actions. If I step on a nail, I will suffer just as assuredly as if I am convicted and incarcerated for murder. Every action entails a reaction or consequence. But this is just a matter of cause-and-effect rather than one of responsibility.

If you accept what has been stated up to now, you might still be thinking "So what!" However, the point is that by not feeling responsible you should be able to avoid much of the guilt and anxiety the feeling of responsibility necessitates. And with less guilt and anxiety you will be happier. And happiness is what life is all about.

By not feeling as much guilt and anxiety, one is less prone to anti-social acts. People don't kill out of contentment; they kill out of discontentment. Anything that boosts a person's happiness quotient will make that person socially better. And we'll all live happily ever after, tra-la-la-la-la.

If you agree, or even if you don't, write me about it. All your stuff should have the words "Shoot Your Wad" on top of the page and can be dropped of anytime in the envelope hanging on the door of Innis College, room 305. Don't forget to include your name and student number. These will be withheld upon request. You should hand your submissions a couple of weeks before the next issue comes out.

Till next time.

WOMEN'S ISSUES:

WOMANIA: SISTERS ARE DOING IT FOR THEMSELVES

by Ceci Leigh

This column is aptly named Women's Issues. The content of this column will extend beyond feminist debate, although women's issues and feminist thought are inextricable. Women's Issues is an umbrella heading that might include topics such as

women's role in sports
in politics
in religion

equal pay for work of equal value

abortion

fair hiring practices in the workforce, especially in higher educational institutions such as the University of Toronto

social welfare

single parenthood/daycare

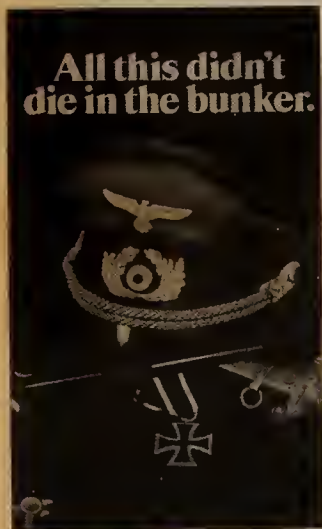
Past experience has shown me that being a female confers (some) disadvantages. As a female, there have been fewer opportunities to advance in competitive sport, since less money was allocated to women's athletics. In the workforce, there were instances when my skills or judgement were not valued simply because I was a female (I worked for five summers in a bicycle shop). And looking ahead, I foresee a lower chance of obtaining a high-ranking academic post, or should I find a job elsewhere, my chances of climbing a corporate ladder are small because of my gender. Unfair? I think so.

Unfortunately, feminism as an 'ism' has negative connotations for some men and women. And for some, this prevents an examination of Women's Issues for fear of being labelled radical. The archetype of the militant feminist is unnecessary and demeans the value of feminist thought. According to the dictionary, feminism is simply: the doctrine advocating social and political rights for women equal to those of men. Of course, there are women's groups that reject the simple definition above and are against any

interdependence between the sexes to the extreme that they refuse to rely on men for anything.

Last month I attended a lecture given by Mary O'Brien, author of *The Politics of Reproduction*. This was the first lecture in a series given at OISE. I attended this lecture with the hopes of acquainting myself with some feminist thought. Having some preconceptions about who else might attend, I wasn't surprised that there were only about five men in the audience and that the man nearest me was doing some needlework. Anyway, more interesting still was the perspective that Mary O'Brien had on women in history and why feminism is a revolutionary process. Briefly, O'Brien stated that knowledge has historically been a masculine domain and that by keeping their knowledge to themselves, men have been able to maintain power. As was typical of her style, O'Brien interjected "and women have been accused of being secretive?" According to O'Brien, women have worked under men's supervision and in the private realm (i.e. housekeeping), and that, moreover, historically, men have tried to protect "their" women from society. Because of this, the feminist movement not only has something to say, it has something to do. O'Brien stated that, traditionally, revolutions have been "violent action in the public realm", but that the feminist revolution is non-violent action in the "private realm" (i.e. patriarchal family). However, O'Brien noted that transformation of the patriarchal organization of the family would necessitate transformation of the state and the economy. Women's issues needn't be examined at a level as theoretical as this to be interesting. Women's more immediate concerns, like equal pay for work of equal value, are also pertinent. What issues concern you?

NOTE: DEMOCRACY FLOURISHES AT INNIS. ICSS MEETINGS EVERY OTHER THURSDAY, 3:00 PM IN THE COLD ROOM(BACK OF PUB). NEXT MEETING:NOV. 7, 1985.



Elie Wiesel, the first historian to use the term "Holocaust" recently said, "Nowadays when you use the word, people say, 'Do you mean the event of the T. V. show? The whole thing has become trivialized.' I want to mention another example of this, also from television. The Holocaust, as an Event, and entirely, is too big for any one person to fully perceive. Even those who survived it only experienced one aspect of it-- their own. The event, by its sheer scope, boggles the mind of one individual. It is a dark cloud which hangs over all of us, of which we understand a small part. This should lead to profound reflection upon the nature of the event. Television (or cinema, for the matter) denies this. Images are very comforting to the human mind. It gives them something tangible to look at and say: 'so that's what it was like'. Given a construct, the mind adapts to it, grateful for some structure to prnp up

REVIEW — THE ONCE AND FUTURE KING

review by C.J. MacDonald

"If it was good, the guy would have put his name on it. If he lied about his name, the book must suck like an Electrolux."

Stephen King: "Are they good novels? I don't know. Are they honest novels? Yes, I think so. They were honestly meant, anyway, and written with an energy I can only dream about these days....Do they suck like an Electrolux? Overall, no. In places,.... welllll...."

Let's just say that the Bachman novels suck about as much as a pool vacuum does when the filter is sand-clogged: not completely ineffectual, but inadequate enough to agonizingly leave a few limp worms in the deep end for the neighbourhood kids to caw at.

Back in February, 1985, it was announced that a little-known writer, who had a "dim cult following," named Richard Bachman was, indeed, Stephen King, and Bachman's novels magically began disappearing from the remainder bins where they'd been gathering dust. What was at first a Joy Deep in the Hearts of us King addicts soon became an Excedrin headache that pounded in tempo with our tired dogs as we tramped from bookstore to bookstore and stared glassily at the empty shelf space between Richard Bach and Alex Baldwin. This "loyalty" bullshit became a real pain in the ass. NAL Books came to our rescue last month with a Bachman anthology that contains the four novels which preceded the readily-available *Thinner* (1984) (which itself was released in 1985 bound with a ribbon which proclaimed "Stephen King writing as Richard Bachman" for all those folks who don't read newspapers): *Rage* (1979), *The Long Walk* (1979), *Roadwork* (1979), and *The Running Man* (1977).



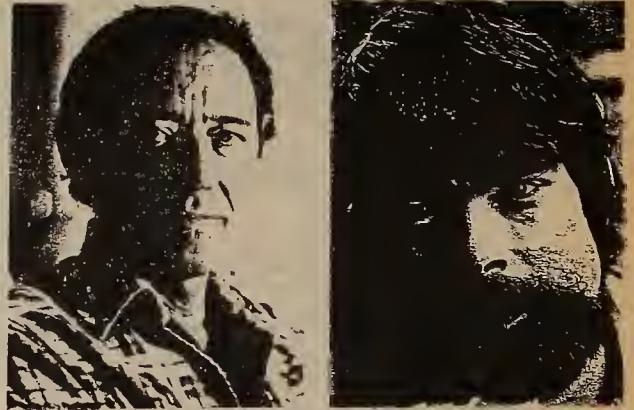
Included with the collection is an introduction by King called "Why I Was Bachman". I think I did it to turn the heat down a little bit; to do something as someone other than Stephen King. I think that all novelists are inveterate role-players and it was fun to be someone else for a while—in this case, Richard Bachman...The numbers have gotten very big. That's part of it...OVER 40 MILLION KING BOOKS IN PRINT!!!, as my publisher likes to trumpet... Sometimes I feel like Mickey Mouse in *Fantasia*. I knew enough to get the brooms started, but once they start to march, things are never the same.

"Am I bitching? No. At least they're very gentle bitches if I am. I have tried my best to follow that other Dylan's advice and sing in my chains like the sea. I mean, I could get down there in the amen corner and crybaby about how tough it is to be Stephen King, but somehow I don't think that all those people out there who are a) unemployed or b) busting heavies every week just to keep even with the house payments and the MasterCard bill would feel a lot of sympathy for me. Nor would I expect it." Rumour had it that the pseudonym was used because of market-flooding and typesetting. One is partly true: his publishers believed the

former; one is completely incorrect; "I don't give a shit what people call me as long as I can go to sleep at night."

King's introductory apology has at its core the revelation that the Bachman Business was an experiment, approached with some trepidation, to see if the whole King Business was a fluke, an accident. "You try to make sense of your life. Everybody tries to do that, I think, and a part of making sense of things is trying to find reasons...or constants...things that don't fluctuate." Because the Bachman novels did not sell well (Bachman's *Thinner* sold 28,000 copies in hardcover; King's *Thinner* has sold over 280,000); the "constant" may well be the name "Stephen King".

I'd like to think that it's more than that... I mean, it's pretty damned stooped to hope that a "just plain book" written by an admittedly "fairly unpleasant fellow" named Bachman ("a curmudgeonly recluse a la J.D. Salinger, who never gave interviews and who, on the author questionnaire from New English Library in London, wrote down 'rooster worship' in the blank provided for religion") would fare comparably to "A! NEW! STEPHEN KING! NOVEL! (OVER 40 ZILLION IN PRINT, DONTCHA KNOW!!!)". But it has to be more than the name, right? Nah... Unless you're one of those folks who crouches among the stacks to read the first ten pages or so of a novel to check out the style and content before buying it—suffering the disparaging glances of the clerk, who eventually saunters over, her gum snapping and her glasses smudged, to remind you, "This ain't a liberry y'know"—it's the packaging that's going to sell the book. And from what I can tell from the original Bachman covers located



Stephen King: Before and After

moldering away in a box in 1970 and finished it a year later (however, two references in it to the movie *Jaws* (1975) indicate a fib that may of may not be intentional). Thematically, *Rage* functions as a "brother" to *Carrie* (1974). Like *Carrie*, it sets about probing the hierarchal class system which structures high school life, and features a psychologically battered "outsider" as the protagonist. Like *Carrie* White, *Rage*'s Charlie Decker is latently violent, and this violence, like *Carrie*'s, is causally related to a rather psychotic parent-child relationship.

My dad had hated me for as long as I can remember...To Dad, life was like a precious antique car. Because it is both precious and irreplaceable, you keep it immaculate and in perfect running order...And if a bird shits on your windshield, you wipe it off before it can dry there. That was Dad's life, and I was the birdshit on his windshield.

King admits that *Rage* is "full of windy psychological preachments (both textual and subtextual)" and they are, necessarily, superficial. Nevertheless, the novel points to an unusually acute awareness of high school ultra-conservatism as a microcosm of the "adult" world on the other side of the playground. We see the same picture in *Carrie*, although drawn with more confident and precise strokes than in *Rage*'s sketch. *Rage*'s caricatures are characters in *Carrie*; there is little nuance in the earlier work. Adults, in the case of *Rage*, are given extraordinarily short shrift: they are uniformly Bad Folks.

So Charlie, like *Carrie*, sets out to topple their world and does so *in vitro*, as it were, within an isolated high school classroom. As in *Carrie*'s flaming gymnasium, social hierarchy is battered to a pulpy mess in Charlie's classroom. The BMOC is brought to his knees and the requisite wallflower and "party girl" slug it out over the corpse of a nasty algebra teacher. Charlie and Carrie demonstrate what a little revolution can do to this not-so-polite society when its structures are kicked out from under it.

The Long Walk was written in late 1966 and early 1967, during King's freshman year at college. As *Rage* and *Carrie* are related, thematically and structurally, so, too, are *The Long Walk* and *The Body* (1975-1976), one of the four novellas in *Different Seasons*. They each feature a group of boys' childhood journey toward death (both literal and figurative), and in each case this journey is an elaborate and morbid game. In *The Body* it is a race to claim the corpse of a boy struck by a train; it is a personal journey which brings the characters face to face with their own mortality. The *Long Walk* is the national pastime in what appears to be a not-so-distant future America. It's a "walk 'til you drop" sort of thing—government-sponsored and for

young boys only. One hundred boys begin the Walk but only one finishes it; the rest are shot when they drop from exhaustion. "Friends can drag you down," as Chris Chambers notes in *The Body*; the boys in *The Long Walk* also find this to be true, since the only way for each to live is to let the ninety-nine others die in their tracks. Nevertheless, a skewed sort of camaraderie builds among the major characters, Ray Garraty and Peter McVries particularly.

A certain dreadful fascination with childhood death is a recurrent motif in much of King's work (expressed most strongly in *Pet Sematary*), and indicates an almost "Garp-ian" fear for his own children's safety. If "death is when the monsters get you," as Danny Torrance says in *The Shining*, then *The Long Walk*'s "monster" is that peculiarly American urge to compete that drives the individual to win at all costs. Ironically, there is a certain ambiguity about the fate of the last remaining Walker: will he ever be able to stop, and what will happen to him if he does?

Roadwork, written between *Salem's Lot* and *The Shining*, "was an effort to write a 'straight' novel...I think it was also an effort to make some sense of my mother's painful death the year before—a lingering cancer had taken her off inch by painful inch. Following this death I was left both grieving and shaken by the apparent senselessness of it all. I suspect *Roadwork* is the worst of (the Bachman novels) simply because it tries so hard to be good and to find some answers to the conundrum of human pain." Yep, *Roadwork* leaves absolutely no taste in the mouth, good nor bad. In any case, whatever psychology course that King may have taken in college rears its ugly head here in the form of a multiple personality. Bart Dawes has internal conversations with "George" (which is also his middle name, tritely enough) and "Fred" (Bart's nickname for his dead son, Charlie) (Are you following this?). It's all rather confusing, frankly. Located where it is in King's oeuvre (between two very strong novels, that is), *Roadwork* is like an unexplained blip on a radar screen. Nonetheless, it is, at times, compelling, as Bart's efforts to re-route an expressway that threatens his home, sweet home call to mind Johnny Smith's battle to subvert a potential nuclear war in *The Dead Zone*. In fact, the two novels are related as much as *Rage* and *Carrie*, and *The Long Walk* and *The Body* are. Both Bart and Johnny bear scars as results of traumatic experiences (Johnny's accident and coma, Bart's son's death), so Johnny's "dead zone" is roughly equivalent to the internal "circuit breaker" through which Bart speaks to George and Fred. Each loses his family and unconsciously sets about creating another (Johnny's tutoring, Bart's "adoption" of a hitchhiker) and each is determined to protect what's "right" in society. For Bart that means "history"; for Johnny, it is

"the future". In each case the climax is a final show-down, a rooty-toot shoot-out. But *Roadwork* fails where *The Dead Zone* succeeds: that is, in characterization. Bart is only a shadowy reflection of Johnny, a victim of his own mind.

The final Bachman novel included in the recent NAL release is a strange bird at best: *The Running Man* is "nothing but story—it moves with the goofy speed of a silent movie, and anything which is not story is cheerfully thrown over the side." The novel's pace no doubt reflects its creation: it was written over a period of seventy-two hours (!) and was published without revision.

It is interesting to note at this point that Bachman's novels differ from King's novels in one significant way: whereas King's are famous for their multiple-narrative structures in which many characters' narrative threads are interwoven to form a dense rope (indeed, dare I suggest that Stephen King is this generation's Charles Dickens?) (I'll probably be set upon in some dark alley now by a pack of frothing-at-the-mouth English Majors for that one!), virtually all of Bachman's novels feature single, straight-forward narratives: to use cinematic parlance, we rarely (if ever) "cut away" from the protagonist.

The Running Man is case in point. From beginning to end we follow game show contestant Ben Richards' run for his life for a chance at the proverbial Giant Jackpot. "The Running Man" is "Wheel of Fortune" gone mad, and there's no charming Vanna White to cheer Richards on. In fact, the whole country is blood-thirstily panting for his death. Like *The Long Walk*, the novel's setting is a frightening commentary on today's television-numbed America. Reagan's America has reached its logical end in two diverse classes: the very rich and the very poor. The latter provide "entertainment" fodder for the former by risking their lives on game shows in an effort to cross the class barrier. Stylistically, this world is seemingly projected in two dimensions, as if over a television screen, with Richards providing the third dimension via his movement through it. In what is, by now, a fairly standard (ho hum) sf plot, the biggest (perhaps *only*) surprise is the subplot (about the poisoning of the poor by the government): it seems to appear accidentally and then limps along haphazardly until it is quietly, and unresolutely, put to rest.

An ungainly race to apocalypse.

Finally, there's *Thinner*. With the release of *Thinner* came the end of Richard "Dicky" Bachman: a death that King attributes to "cancer of the pseudonym". This novel is no *Electrolux*, so it should come as no surprise that it is the most "Kingly" of the lot. With the exception of the Bachmanesque narrative structure, *Thinner* is pure Stephen King, complete with his trademark juxtaposition of the mundane and the monstrous.

Noted critic Robin Wood posits that *Thinner* is the first AIDS-influenced novel. Billy Halleck's wasting disease is caused by an unsafe sexual experience (perverse, in a manner of speaking, because it is directly linked to death and to syphilis), and it is an enigma, diagnostically. He is regarded with, at first, suspicion and then dread by his friends and family, and sets out alone on a journey that can end only with death or a miracle. However, if we choose to approach this novel according to the dictates of the auteur theory (that is, in relation to King's past work), then it seems that Billy's disease is an articulation of King's deep dark fear of cancer. The Big Bad C crops up all over his work, as well as in his interviews. Indeed, in *Thinner*, Billy's disease is described as a living organism that is eating away his body from within (an able description of cancer, if ever there was one).

Moving from subtext to text, we find Bachman's only out-and-out horror story, complete with a walking pimple and a "tit-grabbing snake". Billy Halleck is

victim of an elaborate Gypsy revenge, the description of which occasionally descends to what King has called the most base level of terror: the "gross-out" (Duncan Hopley's condition rates very high on the scale of Barf Potential). With this in mind, then, it is surprising to find that *Thinner* is Bachman's most thoughtful work—a moral tale of private justice.

Ironically, it was Richard Bachman's most skillfully-crafted and effective novel that killed his career: with *Thinner* under the thematic and structural microscope, Richard Bachman could be no one else but Stephen King. Of course, that settled, now we have to shift our curious gaze to figure out who the hell else is!

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW THE BOGEYMAN?

A TERRIFYING TRIVIA QUIZ ON STEPHEN KING

by Steven Peterson

1. What is Stephen King's hometown?
2. Who is *Thinner* dedicated to?
3. What is Sheriff Bannerman's fictitious jurisdiction?
4. What year and make is *Christine*?
5. What kind of car are Tad Trenton and his mother trapped in?
And by whom?
6. What was the original title of "The Raft"?
7. What men's magazine published many of the early King stories?
8. What director made the film version of *The Dead Zone*?
9. What is the Mangler?
10. What is behind the poster of Rita Hayworth?
11. What is the name of the killer virus in *The Stand*?
12. What is the name of the chemical the scientists injected into the volunteer students in *Firestarter*?
13. What is the name of the family's cat in *Pet Cemetery*?
14. What is the name of the organization pursuing Charlie McGee and her father in *Firestarter*?
15. What big-name actor has portrayed two King villains in film versions of his books?
16. Who is Richard Bachman?
17. What is the name of the hotel in *The Shining*?
18. What brand of word processor does King use?
19. On what three days of the year does King not write?
20. Identify the speaker and the novel of the following quote: "nope nothing wrong here".
21. What is Billy Halleck's initial weight in *Thinner*?
22. What is the name of Tabatha King's first novel?
23. What room number is Danny Torrance warned not to enter in *The Shining*?
24. What is the name of the butler serving in the gentlemen's club in "The Breathing Method"?
25. What does Dick Halloran always smell before each psychic flash in *The Shining*?
26. Who is the Twinner of Jack's mother in *The Talisman*?
27. What is the motto of the club in "The Breathing Method"?
28. How many titles of King novels begin with the letter "C"?
29. Name three religious fanatics appearing in various King novels.
30. What is the name of the tiny creature hiding within the author's typewriter in "The Ballad of the Flexible Bulter"?

Answer all the questions correctly, be the first one upstairs to show us (Room 305) and you'll receive ABSOLUTELY FREE a copy of *The Bachman Novels*. Aren't we a triffic bunch of guys?

SILVERBULLETMANIA

by David Shaw

The latest film adaptation of a Stephen King story (from his novella, "Cycle of the Werewolf") relates the tale of a werewolf terrorizing a small American town. Only a paralysed 11 year old, Marty Coslaw, realizes the awful truth. Eventually, he discovers the alter ego of the lycanthrope and with his sister and uncle, begins a gloomy quest for the creature that walks like a man.

Local Toronto actors Corey Haim and Megan Follows portray the young leads. Corey is actually 13 and was present at the invitational preview of the film—his latest performance was opposite Liza Minnelli in the NBC T.V. movie, *A Time to Live*. Megan plays the title character in the soon-to-be-released *Anne of Green Gables*. The lead roles are expertly handled by veteran Gary Bussey (star of *The Buddy Holly Story*) as their amiable, ne'er do well uncle and Everett McGill (star of *Quest For Fire* and

Dune) as the local clergyman.

Directed by Daniel Attias, *Silver Bullet* was filmed in Dino DeLaurentis's North Carolina studios. The film itself is quite well-made and engrossing. The werewolf follows in the tradition of *The Howling*, being more humanoid in appearance than his counterparts in *An American Werewolf in London* or *The Company of Wolves*. This lycanthrope is a descendant of Oliver Reed in *Curse of the Werewolf* (1961), rather than of the Lawrence Stewart Talbot model portrayed by Lon Chaney, Jr. in the Universal series of the '40's. Although the plot bears a passing resemblance to the 1973 film, *The Boy Who Cried Werewolf*, *Silver Bullet* possesses its own qualities of originality and suspense. James Gammon (co-star of *Silverado* and NBC's miniseries *The Long Hot Summer*) has an unforgettable cameo at the beginning of the film.

MR. SMITH GOES TO RYERSON

By Randall Brnck

Poem

blood-birth
of
a beam
in
the bay-binge
of
a tumcoat
contained

i am

the mad
lush
inside
a slow
seed
promising
the sleek

soft purple

shift
of
a dozen
storks
cutting
the sleek



by Lisa Godfrey

The call had come in on the Campus Cult Awareness Hotline just a few hours before: a distraught mother complaining her son appeared to have joined a subversive culture movement while attending classes at Ryerson's Film and Photography Department. "He says he wants to create an alternative reality through images and language, which functions as both social critique and ideological signifiers, and where one can purchase unfused Pop Tarts," she wailed. Ah, another commie Utopian, I thought disgustedly. Promising to investigate, I checked our files for data concerning one Professor James D. Smith, the apparent catalyst of this appalling situation.

Jim Jones, Jim Joyce, Jim Smith. Graduate Rhode Island School of Design... professor of design at various respected institutions... noted for work as sculptor, photographer, filmmaker... acted in his college, Bruce Elder's latest avant-garde epic *Lamentations*.

Well, he was pretty level until that last one.

So, as that golden light peculiar to autumn filtered through the boughs of the maple trees lining Bond Street and gilded the pathway leading to the Photo Arts building, I pondered the situation at hand: When would these kids learn that playing with perception was a dangerous thing? That business

administrative courses were both safe and fun? The malevolent quality of these thoughts intensified as I glimpsed the corpse of a squirrel still clasping a nut in its stiffened wee paws on the street in front. The world seemed suddenly senseless.

I entered, fighting down panic, and was immediately felled by the toxic combination of chemical processing fumes and an early seventies op-art photo collage in the lobby. Regaining consciousness, I did a quick tour of the premises. Everything seemed in order: the photography students were studying a Sports Illustrated calendar, and there was an intensive seminar on beer commercial editing happening on the film floor. Like any decent Canadian school

From experience, I knew the subversives would locate in unlikely places. Sure enough, only a few doors from the Administration offices, I discovered the steel gates of the Jim Smith Research Lab.

Flinging them open, I faced a spectacle of decomposing decadence in obscene proportion. A vast windowless cavern—half wood/metal workshop, half art installation—populated by a motley renegade army wielding shock absorbers and mannequin limbs. Under the umbrella of a patio table, lit by the primitive glow of two plastic pumpkins, HE sat. Jim Smith pleasantly dismissed his faithful to "go getta cuppa joe"

Continued from page seven.

Continued on page eight.

across the street, and warned me to take a seat near him before the fluorescent lights caused premature hair loss. He did not question the motives for my visit, nor did he appear to be armed.

"Have a look around", he suggested, "we've got twelve years of production here."

Suspiciously genial, he described the bizarre displays as we macheted our way through a jungle of photographs, refuse, and power tools: a wall menu featuring such food items as "Hot Donkis", "Wet Codska", and "Fresh Out"; a little metal pail on wheels containing two streetcar springs, a tan handbag, and a soiled dolly dress ("Now isn't that wonderful?--the whole thing is on wheels so you don't have to carry it!"). Forbidden Lust Shrine inside a glass case ("the feminists give me trouble, but I just show them the Sunshine Girl exhibit and tell them to worry about their sisters first."); and the PCB collection ("I'm saving them...you can get top dollar for them down on Queen Street East, you know).

Noting my pallor, Jim escorted me to the oxygen machine, where a waiting usher administered a refreshing dose. "There," Jim said kindly, "we keep that on hand for severe cultural bombardment cases."

He waxed nostalgic over a large book advertising freezers from the 1960's: "Back then, stew was served in bowl the size of hot tubs--you literally wrestled with the meat chunks, I'll tell you." Noting his fondness for the recent past, I asked him if he liked the students of the period as much. "Gad, no," he replied, "those post-hippies were just miserable, like they were coming down from a bad trip and discovering they'd contracted athlete's foot or something. Nope, we need more resigned baby-boomers--good natured folk." Jim cackled weirdly.

At this point, a nearby student succeeded in cutting a piece of wire for her Hallowe'en costume. Jim congratulated her heartily, and carefully marked down on 'A' grade beside her name in his notebook. Aghast, I demanded to know his reasoning. "Wellll, we're here to promote creativity and originality. If you figure out anything on your own, you get a higher grade for it."

He was mad: I knew that now, and could not conceal my revulsion. "Reality is a form of voluntary insanity," he offered, "and the good thing about that is you're free to quit at any time."

As Jim turned to a student wishing to borrow *Cellulite* and *A Roman Catholic in The White House* from the Lab's library, I backed out the door.

Speeding through the labyrinthine corridors in search of an exit, I realized that the Research Lab was not a front for pagan worship, nor was Professor Smith capable of inspiring mass cultural subversion. The years of avant-garde art study compounded by sawdust inhalation has taken their grisly toll: the man was a harmless absurdist locked in a rational universe. His ideas would remain unheard beyond the perimeters of the lab.

I noticed the squirrel on the road was mashed into a fine pate, and realized it was past dinner. Strolling nver to a food vendor on Gould Street, I felt a strange hunger. "Any Hot Donkis?" I asked.

RECIPEMANIA:

EMERGENCY GOURMET CRAB BISQUE

Serves 5

Normally I don't use canned food (especially soup), but this bisque is for those moments when you're in dire straits--when eight people are due for dinner in an hour and you're late getting home from work.

- 1 10-oz (284-ml) can green pea soup
- 1 ½ cups (375 ml) milk
- 1 28-oz (796-ml) can tomatoes
- 1 6-oz (170-g) can crabmeat
- 5 drops Tabasco (50 ml)
- ¼ cup (50 ml) sherry

1. Mix everything together, heat it and hide the cans. Serve. When the guests ask what's in it, just smile.

by Lisa Coleman

Last Thursday night, October 24th, The Hart House Film Board had its first Open Screening of the 1985-86 season. As usual, this event attracted films of all descriptions as well as a large appreciative audience. The Film Board had great success at last spring's Contest Gala and the Committee (having decided that wet screenings made viewing much more palatable) continued the practice of providing a cash bar and nibbles, with which to entice viewers. Yet another to ploy to seduce new members. Membership is already up to 44 compared with 47 at the end of last year--gosh isn't this truly a campus bursting with cinematic talents!

An audience of about 80 reflects the higher profile held by the Board as better advertising of events and better communications through a newsletter "Cinefile" (squirrel Mr. Harkness, squirrel!) has proved successful. Other screenings have been less colourful; witness two past summer screenings, notorious for their cumulative attendance of 6. Admission to screenings is free and anyone with Super-8 and 16mm films, or even 3/4" videos is welcome, although the majority come simply because they "like to watch". Screenings are generally held between 7 and 11 pm in the Music Room--you can catch next term's Open Screening there on Friday, January 17. Last Thursday's show ran until 11:15, when, despite four remaining submissions, the projectionist, bartender, and a dozen remaining guests fell to the floor in exhaustion whimpering, "Please...have mercy--we can't take this much pleasure!"

Now thanks to *The Innis Herald's* later press date than the newspaper, I'll take a moment to thoroughly slaughter a review of the event by one Kelly Devries, whose cinema coverage always displays such supreme ineptitude. Mr. Devries is in the same luminous company as that of *NOW* magazine--the Film Board appreciates coverage but please, try talking to us and get your facts straight (or do I misunderstand the very meaning of the word journalism?). First, the newspaper's photo accompanying the article does not feature filmmaker Aaron Shuster, but rather his camera man. Aaron Shuster is the latest alumnus of the Hart

HART ATTACK

The lads saw an ad in *The Varsity* and came by to enjoy the entire evening armed with three films. They appreciated an audience having recently participated in a large screening at Harbourfront along with filmmakers from Rye High and York to which sadly few had turned up. One of the reasons why their "student" film looked so good (despite such students hallmarks as death pre-occupations etc...) was their ready and enviable access to a film school's production facilities. Devries also credits Fred Scott and Ken Jones (indeed famous Film Board members) with the productions of *Poop* and *Don't Abuse Your Balls Or They Will Kill You* which they had to do with. Scott and Jones did not even attend the screening (oh, how quickly they forget...) Mr. Devries does however exhibit surprising good taste when he cites a wonderful film, *The Frog Prince*. The anonymous filmmaker referred to is none other than yours truly--this writer and everyone's favorite Curator of the Hart House Film Board. My final bone to pick with Devries concerns his dubious conclusion where he says we fall short of being Coppolas or Spielbergs but "there is some good talent here, and maybe even another alumnus like Norman Jewison." Gee, thanks.

Aaron Shuster's genesis as a filmmaker goes back to his Grade 6 days when he got his whole class out to make a Get Smart film. At U of T, Aaron was an English and Philosophy major who graduated in '85. Aaron was film editor of the *Varsity* in '83, review editor in '84 and Chairman of the Film Board for the past two years. Oh yes, and he did take four film courses. His first film 16mm, black and white film was called *Spectre* and starred his intrepid Dad, Nat Shuster as a man in his pajamas confronting himself in a suit in the woods.

When asked about how he came to actually complete a 40 minute 16mm. sound, colour film Aaron politely replied, "I begged, borrowed, I stole. Put it this way--you can go far if you offer a free lunch." Inspired by Herman Melville's story *Bartleby the Scrivener*, Aaron began in the summer of '83 adapting for *Baraba*. *Baraba* is a Kafkaesque tale of a secretary who came to type and stayed, fossilizing into a fixture of the office. Whenever she is asked to leave, seek

employment elsewhere, or indeed move at all, she simply states that she "would prefer not to".

Shuster found his creative support team through the Ontario Film Production Group files: Humber film students Steve Tshushima (lighting) and Martin McInally (camera). By plastering leaflets all along Bloor and Yonge streets Aaron drew a response suitably large to hold auditions in order to cast *Baraba* herself. His choice was the incomparable Cayle Chernin of *Goin' Down the Road* fame. In the role of the office boss, Mr. Daniels, Aaron cast the subdued yet masterful Lyle Nickle, with whom he had starred in a father-son relationship in amateur theatre. Mrs. Michaelson, the suspicious office employee who views *Baraba* with restrained disdain, was portrayed by the excellent Luba Greenberg of the Ontario Theatre Association. Music for the film was created by Richard Nimmo, an acquaintance of Aaron's. The film was shot entirely at Hart House with equipment donated by the Hart House Film Board. He edited over a very long year in his off hours at the NFB--The resulting film is rich in its production values and has a wonderfully macabre sense of humour throughout its absurd atmosphere. Aaron mentioned that Harry Rasky, who attended the screening, enjoyed it, and following the film's warm reception here last Thursday the long trek towards a wider audience has just begun. Meanwhile, under his new company Altavista, Aaron is currently working on a couple of projects like *The Summer that I went to the Moon*. Best of luck Mr. Aaron Shuster, and to the rest of you--set aside next January 17th to come to the next Open Screening!

House Film Board to follow in the footsteps of Atom Egoyan, Fred Jones and Ken Scott, having completed his first feature with a chance reach a larger audience outside the campus. His film *Baraba* was the featured premiere of the evening and was very warmly received. Devries mentions *Ashes of Memories* and calls it "well made... well filmed [with]... professional special make-up effects." This post-nuclear holocaust film looked polished because it was in fact the work of a group from Sheridan College.

POISONMANIA

by Chris Fabbri

Imagine your mother is a punk rocker. Imagine your mother is the lead singer of one of England's leading punk rock troupes.

This is what I tried to imagine upon meeting Vi Subversa, fifty year old female vocalist for the Poison Girl, in town early last month to play a gig at Lee's Palace.

I mean, we're not talking Tina Turner here. We're dealing with a fifty year old parent who, to some degree, is a major figurehead in a youth rebellion (call it what you will) that purports to be anti-establishment and anti-parental authority.

Clad in mini-skirt, coloured black t-shirt, and gold sparkle jacket, she is unique and magus-like, in being involved in an unfortunately macho, male-centred scene.

Her qualities are even more pronounced on stage as Vi moved to the beat of the band's unique brand of rock and roll, a sound that incorporates various styles to produce music polished, yet still raw and intense. An alternative to the alternative poppy punk that lets the audience snap its fingers and dance together within a framework that doesn't allow for slam-dancing or thrashing.

This largely has to do with the fact that the Poison Girls have never really been a hardcore band. They've played with hardcore bands for hardcore fans but they have always been an alternative to the alternative.

The Poison Girls have travelled a road similar to that of Husker Du in their progression to a more complex, tighter, and efficient sound that doesn't compromise energy.

Hence, the Poison Girls have extended their audience by making their music more accessible to listeners outside the hardcore punk scene.

In early 1977, when The Poison Girls played their first gig, their audience consisted of, as Vi Subversa puts it, "99% young men wearing black leather and spiky things". Many more women are now attending shows and not just because their boyfriends are there. This change seems to play a moderating role by breaking down the barriers of machoism between the males. Vi feels that this has changed the atmosphere and has allowed for less cockstrutting and more close contact among all the listeners. The result is a show that is more peaceful and fun.

With her involvement in various women's groups and peace organizations, Vi found herself predisposed to what was happening with the punk phenomenon at the time. She discovered her voice and she decided to use music as a medium to say things that were not being said, especially not in mainstream rock and roll.

As a single parent trying to raise two children in an unsupportive society she and other women felt they had little access to media to raise important issues. Using

music to convey the meaning and emotions of her writing she set out to "spread the word".

The songs she writes concern issues like feminism, sexism, machoism, and politics. However, the most important subject in the songs is personal relationships, and the way that people interact with each other. As a person who lived through World War II, she has spent most of her life trying to "work out what connotations make it possible for people to wage war on one another". Vi Subversa has come to the conclusion that the big issues, like states fighting wars come down to personal politics and to the way people are conditioned to roles and behaviour patterns.

What the Poison Girls wish to do with their music is perhaps incite people to question some of these "secrets of silence", to behave more honestly with each other. To say what is real for them.

She's idealistic, yet for Vi Subversa there is an importance in what she does even if change comes gradually, if it comes at all. There is an urgency in her words and a dedication of spirit to fight for a better world that makes her efforts passionate and noble.

"I don't know how far we'll get. I don't know how much time there is..."

THE POP SCENE

CENSORMANIA

LETTERMANIA

by Pierre Blum

A beautiful young woman, dressed in small pieces of ripped leather is chained to an upside-down crucifix while a man dressed as the Grim Reaper lights the crucifix on fire while screaming the words, "SATAN LIVES...666...THE NUMBER OF THE BEAST."

Is this part of some diabolical nightmare? A scene from a pornographic movie? Perhaps a bedtime story your mother read you as a child?

Actually, it is a hypothetical example of the worst elements of rock videos. Videos, while presenting a new frontier for the imagination, also present a new frontier for record companies to try and sell their products. As a result, record companies produce videos that are sure to attract attention (whether they are good videos or bad is unimportant—the fact they receive attention is paramount). By attracting attention, they hope to boost sales. It's easy and profitable. End of story.

Or is it? My editors tell me, "You'd better get enough bullshit to fill the page or you'll never work in this town again." OK, so it's not the end of the story.

What is now happening is that the artist's right to complete artistic freedom and the record company's right to complete free enterprise (i.e. doing anything to make a buck—including polluting our minds), has now come under close scrutiny from all sectors of society.

This past week, the British Columbia Legislature approved a bill which would allow the censorship of rock videos. When Monte Kwinter, Ontario's Minister of Consumer Affairs was asked to comment on the B.C. law, he replied that he was considering introducing the same legislation himself here in Ontario.

The ugly head of censorship has been reared again.

There is a strong move in our society to classify, edit, and even ban some rock videos. Anything from PGTH's *Two Tribes*, to Helix's *Gimme Good Loving*, to Duran Duran's *The Chauffeur* have been targets in the past, and one only cringes at the length of the list that would exist if such legislation were passed.

The arguments about censorship, both for and against, are well-known and need not be discussed here ("So what? Discuss them. Fill that goddamn page," say my editors). Nevertheless, several points must be considered when discussing the censorship of videos by Nazi-pig-seum-sucking-bible-thumping-fascist slime.

This, of course, is an objective view. Censorship stinks. Like a football player's socks after the big game. Like a

half-full stale beer filled with used cigarette butts. Like puke left overnight on your living room rug.

Censorship is not at all a part of a solution. It merely amends something after the product has been produced. It does not encourage people to change their product, it dares them to try and produce something that might escape censorship. In the case of videos, the censor boards negate months of creative energy with a snip of the scissors, AFTER THE FACT. It is akin to having someone write a book, and then having the climactic pages ripped out by the publisher before distribution.

Not to mention the fact that a video is going to look goddamn stupid with scenes (and thus words) cut out from the middle of the song. Hence, Twisted Sister's *We're Not Going To Take It* could end up sounding like: "We're not...take it...mo...gonna take it...we're...take...any...more." Actually, it sort of sounds like it did in the first place, doesn't it?

Furthermore, the philosophy behind censorship is to protect those members of society who are easily influenced by such things as rock videos. There are several problems with this: 1. television commercials could fit into this category; 2. just what do they think rock videos influence people to do?; and 3. who says that society wants to be protected at all?

Let's face it. Some videos project a sex and violence image. But it is only an image—not real life. Yet it will be censored. If, however, we want sex and violence in real life, we merely have to go to Carleton and Jarvis here in Toronto and spend \$100.

Yet, we don't see a huge uproar over prostitution and other such related activities. Certainly there is concern over it, but only to licence/legalize, and not to criminalize. Videos are treated as a much more criminal element in society because they contain "suggestion." By portraying sex and violence, they offend those in society who psychologically repress sex and violence. It's the same psychological argument that is used against homosexuals. They hate gays since they themselves repress latent homosexuality within themselves, just as censors recognize a fear of their own potential for sex and violence.

And perhaps the question should be asked as to what is intrinsically wrong with sex and violence? It would surprise you to find out that "upstanding members of our community" are indulging in S/M and B/D, and it doesn't hurt their public appearance in the least. Hey, I even read in the *Toke Oike* Andy Filipuk is into that kinda stuff. And the *Toke Oike* is a very

reliable journal (hahahahahahahahahahaha).

This, of course, is a very radical argument in favour of letting rock videos alone. I hope that one would be convinced before one would need to resort to such extreme arguments. Besides, I only included them to fill the page, and to get some really juicy hate mail (or to meet some real interesting girls, as the case may be).

As an additional note, I think that the Senate Committee reviewing rock lyrics is another blatant example of legislators gone crazy. Classifying rock lyrics? Gimme a break. Next thing you know, they'll be declaring Pat Boone offensive.

So let's lighten up...David Lee Roth showed us how serious we should not be with his sensitive, caring video for *California Girls*. After all, it's all just good, clean fun.

Who cares about a few suggestive lyrics on albums or a few heaving chests on videos? We have more important things to worry about, like, is Paco Rabanne a better cologne than Polo? Is Don Johnson of *Miami Vice* really God's second son?

Stay tuned next month, same bat paper, same bat page, same bat college. Now that we've solved the censorship problem, we can move onto solving easier problems like the Middle East crisis and the nuclear arms race.

Better get a good night's sleep.

holding
to
a magic
blue-bell
chipping away
at god

by Debra Karp

At 12:55 a.m., hundreds of thousands of North Americans set aside their task at hand and tune in to one of the most watched shows on the tube. No, it's not a late night screening of *Miami Vice* or *The Twilight Zone*. It's none other than *Late Night with David Letterman*.

Letterman's blend of sarcastic and caustic humour has created an incomparable fervour since it's inception five years ago. The show has spawned numerous table conversations, participants usually reliving the previous night's gags. The rapport between Paul Shaffer, the sardonic band leader, and David is often the most amusing part of the show.

The hour and half long spectacle is recorded live, a feature often used as a springboard for laughs. Half the fun revolves around audience reaction to Letterman's often lousy monologues. The laughs are often at the expense of some unwitting member of the studio audience. Last month, a tall, lanky *Revenge of the Nerds* type guy was aired on national television while picking his nose. His instant celebrity came via the Sky-Cam, that roving eye on the world.

While Letterman has no mercy for the audience, he places himself in the best position to receive the blows. His Carsonian monologues are, at times, so bad that even Letterman himself boos.

These preliminaries, however, do not negate the guest portion of the show. The obscure and the famous have all fallen victim in the chair next to Letterman's. Animals have crapped all over his desk and Dyan Cannon almost did likewise last week. To add to the fun, David will often give the camera one of his lackadaisical stares that invariably brings the viewers to tears. On top of it all, Letterman's jackets always appear to be one size too small and his too tight boxer shorts lend the appearance of one walking down the street with a very dilled pickle stuck up a very personal orifice.

The show has grown in sophistication along with its viewers. It is now a dynamic late night snack of humour and indigestion that is being enjoyed by the young, old, Yuppie, and blue collar alike. It has evolved into somewhat of a phenomenon that lets North Americans sleep happily at night.

CAMPUS
THEATRE
NOTES

By Chris Glover

U of T's theatres are offering a multicultural smorgasbord this month as Greek, African, Italian, and American plays are upcoming.

The new Richard Gill Theatre is presenting Carlo Goldini's *The Servant of Two Masters*, an eighteenth century comedy featuring acrobatics and lazzo (interpolated comic dialogue in the commedia dell'arte). It runs Nov. 19-23, with a matinee Nov. 24, \$3.00, 978-8668.

At Hart House, U of T's David Gardner directs *The Trojan War*, a collection of Euripides *Iphigenia in Aulis* and *The Trojan Women*, and a new play called *Achille*. It runs Nov. 13-16, and 20-23, \$3.00, 978-8668.

The U.C. Playhouse is presenting a series of one act plays by various authors, billed *The Director's Shorts*. It runs Nov. 20-26. The details haven't been worked out yet so check it out in *The Varsity*.

Finally, the African Theatre Co. is putting on *Sizwe Bansi is Dead*, by Athol Fugard. It runs from Nov. 6-9 with a matinee on the 10th, \$6.00, 926-7135.

P.S. if you are a writer and want to get your stuff on the air, submit it to CIUT (U of T radio). They're looking for radio plays and short story or poetry readings for their new Radio 978-5267.

Politics of Pornography
Politics of Prostitution

Challenging our
Images

INNIS COLLEGE

Nov. 7:
Michael Snow / David C
Wieland / Hollis Frampt
Avant-garde. \$3.00 all n
Nov. 21:
Bladerunner / Metrop
\$3.00 both. 7:00 p.m.

Y PRESENTS:

g: A Trilogy.
Prologue: Infinite.
\$3.00 for the

Don Simon,
I'm an average looking Jewish boy, 17er films. \$3.00 for the
in good shape, and I consider myself to be.
quite intelligent. My problem is I really
like this girl in my class, but she is very at Innsis Town Hall,
Sussex Ave. (S. of Bloor off St.
George)

DEADLINEMANIA: NOV. 26.
TRY HARD.

SPORTS

SOCCKERMANIA

BYD. Rafael

I don't believe what happened. It seemed that after three games the Innis Royals soccer team was on the path to glory. With two wins under our belts we played the International Students Centre to a scoreless draw (0-0, eds.). Half of the season was over and we had yet to allow a goal. Then something went awry. We lost the next three games. A crushing disappointment.

What made those results (0-1 vs. Wallberg Utd., 0-8 vs. Pharmacy A and a default to Meds B) frustrating was the way they occurred. In all three games we were short players. Only ten played against Wallberg, and should have been able to play them to a draw. With a full team we could have won the match. Czegledy (Andre) put in a fine effort in his first start as goaltender this season, making some solid saves and playing courageously, even after a collision with a large Wallberger.

The next game started off rather well. On the way to the match I saw two players who had missed the previous match. Thinking that we would have at least twelve players, I felt in good spirits until I saw only seven players on the pitch. We were determined not to forfeit, and so decided to play despite the fact that we

were three men short. Andre played a superior game in goal and the 8-0 score could not be blamed on him, or anyone for that matter. Hurling his body in front of the ball, it was only a matter of time before Andre would have another run in with the opposition. He leapt for a high ball and met an incoming Pharmacy player. Despite his painful injuries, Andre continued to play for the remainder of the match.

The last game saw us default with only six players showing up for the match.

This year's failure is not without precedent. Last season, the Innis Royals had a strong start but faded dismally as attendance plummeted. The final record of 2-1-3 was not a good indication of the team's potential. With a full roster, we would have had a shot at the championship.

Well, there's always next year. Plans are already afoot for the '86 team. We hope to be wearing the true college colours by next year, and a more rigorous (read, one that actually exists) practice schedule is in the offing. Thanks to all those who did play for Innis this year. I hope to see you all next fall.

Innis will have to keep the champagne chilling for yet another year.

MENMANIA

Dear Breastless Ones (Yes, you men),

Except for those brutes playing tackle football, things haven't been peachy for men's fall sports. Touch football did its usual "we'll be lucky if we don't default" routine, ending up with a 3-2-1 default record for 11th place (of 21 teams). We missed the playoffs because, of the four teams with 3 wins, we were the only ones with a default. Maoy thanks to the loyal, however: Simon Cotter, Bruce Tarr, Mitch Chang, Mike Dibden, and especially Walter Hill, for service above and beyond.

In soccer, we had a brilliant start winning our first two games, but, strangely enough, began to lose when the rest of the team failed to show up. Heartfelt thanks to David Rafael for his efforts as team rep; raspberries to you traitors. Final record: 2-1-3.

Rugby was a new sport for Innis this year and suffered some growing pains as we finished in 6th place with a 2-2-2 default record. Again, when we fielded a full team, we were awesome; when only the morally upright and spiritually pure Innisites showed up, the infidel's superior numbers made it tough. Richard Marcovitz and Mike Dibden did a good job to keep our hopes up to the end. As they say, we'll get 'em next year.

As for the track meet many moons ago,

well, we had fun. OK, I had fun. But seriously, we had the third highest participation with 8 entrants and had more food than the other teams combined. Thanks to Gilles Poitras, we actually earned some points, finishing 11th. Most importantly, some Innispirit was passed around as, under a hot clear sky, Innis caps and good times were shared with one and all.

Four sports have or are starting for the winter: the Innis Post-Modernists in basketball (undefeated at 3-0) and the Innis Flames in ice hockey (unscored upon at 3-0) are off to hot starts as (hopefully) will the squash and volleyball teams. The swim meet and curling co-ed events are fast approaching as well, so watch the New Taste notice board for details.

Mike Zryd
Men's Athletic Rep

P.S. Oh yeah, and the Tackle Football team is undefeated, atop Div. II at the end of the regular season. They are now heading into the playoffs to defend the Mulock Cup, only the oldest football trophy in North America. Good luck and thanks to Simon Cotter for the excellent job he has done organizing and motivating the squad. May a thousand stuffed wombats from hell descend upon your opponents.

SCREAMING BEAGLES

by Sirje Jarvel

The Screaming Eagles are back this year and are looking better than ever. No, this is not some masochistic religious cult but rather the Innis College women's volleyball team—a dedicated group of female jockettes who have no qualms about practicing spiking drills at 7 a.m. Although a number of veterans are returning this year (Vivian Holmberg, Sirje Jarvel, Esther Osiel, and Laurie Akeda), newcomers like Bonnie Burns and Martha MacEachern showed great promise in pre-season games. Innis lost to a well-practiced Eriodale team but won over

Engineering. This brings the Screaming Eagles record over the past 5 years to 35 wins and 9 losses.

Last year, with the coaching skills of Simon Cotter, the team won the Div. II title quite easily. This year, they are ready to face the strong challenge of Div. I teams. And if Monday night's pre-season games are any indication, the Screaming Eagles are anticipating an exciting and successful season. Note*: Fan support is always welcome!

photo by Richard Lautens



Class of '92-I.C.U.C. Tackle Football Team

HOCKEYMANIA

by Steven Gold

The Innis Flames men's hockey team is off to a quick start in defence of its Div. III championship.

The Flames lead the early season standing with a perfect 3-0 record, having tallied 14 goals and 3 consecutive shutouts.

Early season stars have been goalie Mike Dibden, who has about 12 saves but has helped shore up the team's sarcasm in his own defence, and Mitch Chang, who has scored 3 consecutive game-winning goals.

In pre-season, some thought the Flames might move up to Div. II and make a serious run at mediocrity. Team rep Bruce Tarr (whom Mike Zryd would "trust with my life if not my shoes") explains, "We decided to wait until we saw the new turnouts before making the decision. We had to see what kind of defence we'd have before moving up."

The decision proved to be a fortuitous one. In September, Tarr was frequently seen mumbling dumbstruck, "I don't believe it...15 forwards and 1 defenceman...I just don't believe it."

Tarr has so far made up for this glaring weakness on defence by means of an elaborate shell game: "Does anyone want to play defence tonight?"

The tactic has worked. Commerce student Tarr explains that newcomers Chuck Huth and Rob Azuma can be counted on to man two spots on defence. Andy Cochrane will make half the games. Eric Lee will return in the new year as half a defenceman and forwards Jim Rusk, Alex Russell, Andy Bain, Derek Hong, and Tarr

will take turns on defence. "This should average out to 4 and a half defencemen per game," Tarr explains, "and that should be enough."

This haphazard approach to defence could hurt the team's chances. Despite the first two easy routs, the consensus was that the team appeared weaker than last year's. Hopes were buoyed, however, by a solid defensive effort in a 1-0 win over a Div. I-reinforced (read Big) U.C. team.

Other highlights have been the play of centre Brad Batten, returning from his sojourn in Portugal (the novel is finished but not yet published), the play of the Derek Mathews-Derek Hong tandem (as inseparable as mud) and converted defenceman Andy Cochrane. Long-time forward Cochrane has played some of his best hockey since moving to the backline.

Providing coaching insight is Paul Shimoza over from Engineering. His disciplined approach ("Should I do something now?") has contributed to the team's success. "And to think," said Tarr, "I found him in a freezer at Loblaw's," musing at his good fortune.

Asked to comment on the team's good laid back approach, the oft-quoted Tarr revealed, "Hockey, at Innis, is a laid-back thing. For example, last year, when we had to win the championship against a team that didn't have a goalie, we took it all in stride. We just went out there...and took as few shots as possible—we weren't falling for a thing."

With this attitude, the Flames should be in it all the way.

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Bart "Lips" Testa and Rocket Roger Riendeau relax after a gruelling game

I CAN'T BELIEVE WE GOT A BASEBALL BOOK REVIEW

by Andrew Epstein

The Greatest Slump of All Time
By David Carkeet
Penguin Books
232 pages
\$6.95

They're all incredibly successful, at the top of the National League, their hitters are literally blasting the cover off the ball, their infield is airtight, and they seem to get clutch hits just when they need them. The only problem with this baseball bunch is that they suffer from every imaginable Freudian disorder and emotional hangup.

"Apples" Bagwell, the team's fireballing starting pitcher, is sure the reason he is still a virgin at age 27 is his ever swelling breasts. He is also terrified of showering with the rest of the team as he expects his team-mates to laugh at his breasts and the rest of his naked body.

Narvel, the catcher, is claustrophobic and feels trapped in the confines of his catcher's outfit and the batters box. Narvel calls pitchouts without any runners on base just so that he can leap free of his encumbering equipment. To compound his problems, Narvel tends to be suicidal and warns the team: "Just don't be surprised if someday I signal for Apples' fastball and take

my face mask off. You'll know where I want it Apples." He taps his forehead.

Frank, the third baseman, is arrogant and garrulous. This team is his seventh and his new team-mates hate him just as much as all the others. His constant movement from team to team has earned him the nickname, "suitcase".

The novel follows these characters and the rest of their motley crew as they attempt to clinch their division title while deciding if it's really worth it. Instead of reading about a group of larger-than-life sports heroes, the reader is treated to a unique story where the idols of millions are more bent than the people who look to them for support. Dark humour at its finest.

The Greatest Slump Of All Time is the second effort by David Carkeet whose first novel, *Double Negative*, earned him an Edgar nomination from the Mystery Writers of America, and the prestigious O. Henry award for fiction. Carkeet demonstrates a great knowledge and love of the game through his lavish descriptions of individual plays and rule interpretations. Carkeet is primarily a humourist, and his novel is not just another boring group of men trying to cope with the pressures of playing a boy's game.

WATERMANIA

Think of the above words...what comes immediately to mind?—No, not that; Innertube waterpolo. That's right, folks, once again this unique presentation of the famous co-ed athletic activity is available to you (for a limited time only). No fee involved, no practices to wake up early for, no skill level required; only a complete abandonment of any serious attitude. After all, co-ed activities are not supposed to be difficult, simply fun. What is more—the just-bought swimming caps are white, so they will not clash with your swimwear. Remember, fun and fashionable inner-tube waterpolo—because you can't go to the library or the SAC pub every night.

Believe it or not! Simon C.
and Mikey Z. agree on
something!!

ANNE JOHNSTON
FOR MAYOR

BE THERE AND BE INNIS!!

Andre Czegledy

"MY AD"

by Ellen Ladowsky

His perfect volley evokes a mixed response from the crowd. To some, it seems a good shot. But the more experienced spectators realize its weakness. They know the player has been manipulated by his crafty opponent, that he has been set up and has fallen blindly into the trap. Oh how life imitates tennis!

Last month, Paul Della Penna and Jim Sheden delivered what they considered to be so enormously witty rebuttal to my introductory sports editorial, (*So There*, they so cleverly entitled it). They little realized they had been toyed with, that they'd served as mere puppets for my goal of the Sports Section we need. For what becomes apparent after reading their article, Paul and Jim not only read the sports section but they contributed to it. And I now admit that this was my ultimate plan: to recruit them as sportswriters. I never imagined they could be manipulated so easily.

Why did I take this task upon myself? The answer is simple. Paul and Jim have shown me time and time again that they are uptight and frustrated, and that they urgently need an emotional outlet, the kind of emotional outlet that the sports section can provide.

Lately this need has been vented in strange forms. A few weeks ago during layout, Paul and Jim engaged in something akin to the Tetley Tea Dance (which they called an "interpretive dance", no doubt to

elevate it to the realm of the profound) and then quarrelled over who had the better Ethel Merman impression. (Paul won hands down—spectators realize its weakness. They know the player has been manipulated by his crafty opponent, that he has been set up and has fallen blindly into the trap. Oh how life imitates tennis!)

Clearly, these acts reveal that my use of child psychology was in their best interest. I hoped to recruit Bart as well. For Bart, too, has truculently expressed on several occasions that he is a wimp of the most pathetic breed.² There can be no debate about this. Boys from New Jersey who don't even wince when the Yankees and the Mets get blown out of the pennant race (no doubt because they are too busy swapping witty anecdotes about hermenutics) definitely need some help. I really became nervous about Bart, however, when I realized that it had never crossed his mind that his huge hardcover volumes of Gadamer's Truth and Method and Heidegger's Being and Time could serve beautifully as goalposts for a floor hockey game.

Bart, however, was a little harder to win over than Jim and Paul. He is making progress though, as the picture at right proves and I think we can expect that sooner or later he too will be a major contributor to the sports section. Yes, Innis, eventually we will have the sports section We Need.

¹ In tennis "my ad" indicates person who wins the point after deuce.

² Since Bart never reads the sports section, I can get away with things like this.



Girls Just Wanna Play Football

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the innis, lina.

Vol. XIX No. 3

Innis College - University of Toronto

November 1985

LINA LEAVES, INNIS CRUMBLES



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WHY DID LINA CROSS THE ROAD?

by Paul Della Penna

October 25th. A day that will live on in infamy. The day Lina Maiato, lifeblood of Innis College, left the green pastures of Innis for the greener (\$\$\$\$\$\$ greener) pastures of Woodsworth College. It is a time of mourning and recollection. We cannot be bitter if we are to survive as a community.

The Lina Years (1981-1985) were characterized by an unprecedented flourishing of Innis culture: the 20/20 extravaganzas, the renovation of the pub, the sculptures on the green, the revitalization of The Innis Herald. As administrative secretary, Lina's excellence far surpassed the call of duty—but more importantly, it was her tireless involvement in extracurricular activities (drinking beer in the pub, partying, lending cigarettes) that so endeared her to many students, who normally would not dare venture into the staid, imposing offices of the first floor. Lina came to symbolize all that is precious and good at Innis College—her departure can only have an adverse affect on student morale, and hasten the triumph of the dark forces of Apathy which have overtaken so many other colleges on campus, and which Innis, under Lina, successfully avoided for so long.

Already the loss of Lina has resulted in a sense of panic and disorientation among staff and faculty. Gloria Zangari, Lina's long-time associate and close personal friend, was reported walking around aimlessly up and down the halls, glassy-eyed, muttering, "no...no...no..." to herself. Arthur Wilson, President of the ICSS, was especially stunned by the departure; he admirably suggested an added \$5.00 Keep Lina Here student fee, to make up for the difference in wages which lured Lina away. Most serious of all, of course, had been the rapid deterioration of fashion sense at Innis College. Lina's voluminous wardrobe and innate ability to co-ordinate colours and fabrics of any kind, served as guiding inspiration for hundreds of hopelessly inept sixties and seventies leftovers which continue

to populate Innis. Only Fuzz and Andre Czegledy remain to carry on Lina's legacy. The future looks dim.

Inside sources claim it was Lina's dissatisfaction with the lurid colour scheme of the pub not the promise of advancement and added responsibility which led to the move. To some, Lina's action smacks of betrayal, an ungrateful slap in the face to all those who knew and loved her. We wish her the best in her new endeavor, but deep in our hearts, and we're sure hers too, she will always be the embodiment of the Innis spirit. A spirit which will never be the same. Which is why we are going to pressure those in higher authority to consider a name change to Lina Maiato College. Good luck Lina, and if you're ever in the neighbourhood, drop in. You're always welcome.

photo by Richard Lautens



Lina and Gloria have a special relationship

WHO RUNS THIS PLACE ANYWAY?

INNIS COLLEGE COUNCIL
1985-86

Principal's Nominees:

Donald W. Clarke
Carole Gillin
Peter Harris
Pamela Stokes
Richard Sten
Karel Swift
L. Douglas Todgham

Administrative Staff:

Audrey Perry
Linda Poulos
Garry Spencer

Teaching Staff:

Kay Armatage
Evelyn Cotter
Roger Greenwald
Pat McDonell
Pat Petersen
Roger Riendeau
Wendy Rolph
Bart Testa

President's Nominee:

David Cook

Alumni:

Tim Cholvat

Student Nominees:

Art Wilson (President ICSS)
Sirje Jarvel (V.P. Government)
Gilles Poiras (V.P. Services)
Heather Evans (Treasurer)
Matt McGarvey
Mike Zryd
Anna Marie Batelaan
Ellen Ladowsky
Esther Osiel
Jim Shadden
Tom Vaiwada

Mary Campbell
Andrew Liebmann
Karen Smith
Richard Marcovitz
Michelle Bailly
Mark Huising
Andre Czegledy
Mary Grace Zimmerman
Chris Fabbri
Simon Cotter
Joan Montagnes
Scott Burk (President SAC)

ICSS EXECUTIVE
1985-86

President: Art Wilson
V.P. Government: Sirje Jarvel
V.P. Services: Gilles Poiras
Treasurer: Heather Evans
Secretary: Leslie Whyte
Social Rep: Richard Lautens
Farm Rep: John Caiwano
Education Commissioner: Tin Aung
Co-ed Athletic Rep: Andre Czegledy
Men's Athletic Rep: Mike Zryd
Women's Athletic Rep: Shanti Fernando

All full-time students are members of the ICSS.

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